

a going to train, train, and it not say so. Not  
 n; but right down hard work—sometimes drench-  
 ed through, and sometimes working in the mud  
 and mire like terrapins. That's it. Gentle-  
 man in civil life, who meet officers of the army  
 and navy in cities, where they are on flying  
 visits to their friends, are apt to suppose that  
 they are paid well and have nothing to do. They  
 forget the years of toil and confinement they  
 have had to undergo for the two or three months'  
 furloughs that come like angel visits. They  
 have no idea of the sleepless nights in storm  
 and tempest, that are incident alike to the sail-  
 or and the soldier. The responsibility, the labor  
 and exposure they have to go through with, or  
 the dangers they have to encounter. These are  
 all forgotten. They see the man light hearted,  
 generous, joyous and full of happiness, and think  
 he never could have a care. They forget that  
 he is like a prisoner set at liberty—like an un-  
 caged bird; and that the pent-up lun in him is  
 like the carbonic acid gas in champagne, take of  
 the wire of restraints, and give the cork a for-  
 lough with the thumb, and pop! its all gladness  
 after that. But, alas! how soon the time ex-  
 pires, and the orders come again for the poor  
 fellow to bottle his fun up, cork it down and re-  
 turn to duty. These are realities. Now as to  
 a city life—to come out of your door in the morn-  
 ing, and see the same dreary row of houses up  
 and down the street—the same narrow strip of  
 smoky sky over head, and hear the same eternal  
 rumble and noise, as the tide of care-worn hu-  
 man beings sweeps by, is not so pleasant either.  
 Who would not rather be out here amid all this  
 freedom—this almost heavenly beauty—this  
 solemn and almost audible solitude? But then,  
 again, here are no Sabbath bells—no sweet sis-  
 ters kneeling in prayer—no kind mother to bless  
 one—no old sights, and old sounds familiar to the  
 eye and ear from infancy. They are not here,  
 and where they are there the heart must be—  
 The medium, reader, is the thing. A snug little  
 farm in the country. Suppose you have to  
 work hard, and have rough hands, you have  
 smooth hearts and are independent. No one  
 can disturb you. You are your own man.—  
 Your cabbages are your own cabbages, and so  
 are your turnips—and that is not all; when  
 you come home of nights, tired with honest  
 labour, a sweet smile welcomes you—a loved  
 curly greets you; and as you sit down, little  
 curly-headed chaps will clamber upon your  
 knees to get a kiss. That's life to some purpose,  
 and happiness too—that is. Good night!

## Whig and Courier.

JOHN S. SAYWARD, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1845.

Every Subscriber to the DAILY WHIG & COURIER is entitled to a FREE ADMISSION to the COMMERCIAL READING-ROOM, over the Kenduskeug Market.

### Laura Bridgman.

Accompanying the annual report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind Dr. Howe has given a highly interesting account of the educational progress of Laura Bridgman, whose case has attracted general attention and whose history we have noticed so far as the same has been given in previous reports of the Perkins Institution, where she is now being educated.

We propose to give a brief view of this account of Laura as we have not room to admit the whole.

The case of Laura Bridgman shows the inferiority of artificial to natural methods in the acquisition of language. Ingenious men by centuries of labor have built up a beautiful system by which deaf mutes are enabled to read, to write and to converse. But this beautiful system is addressed entirely to the eye and poor

ters to you because I love you very much. My mother wrote a letter to Miss J. that she was very sick and my little sister was quite sick, but they are getting well. I am very well. I am your dear friend. I try very hard about America and Europe and Asia and many other things. I can say ship, paper, Dr, baby, tea, mother, and father with my mouth. My teacher always reads a story to me: she is kind to me: she sets me a good example.

My dear friend good bye.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

In another letter written soon after, she said—  
 'I am happy that your baby is so happy to see the bright light. I want you to come here now, if you do not come quick, then I must send a long string to pull you over the sea to South Boston. I thought of you and Julia, and Dr. many times; that they would love me very much because I love them and you so much.'

When Laura feels any strong emotion her chest is inflated, the air is retained a moment, and then expelled with quickness and force, producing a variety of interjections. Her teacher was talking with her one day on the subject, and showing her the propriety of repressing these noises when she said, "she did not always try not to make them." Miss Swift urged her reasons for wishing her to do so when Laura said, "but I have very much voice!"—This was the truth of the matter; the nervous energy which rapidly accumulated within her while sitting still, found in this way a partial means of escape. She was not inclined to give up the argument entirely and said in her defence, 'God gave me much voice.' She yielded however, and saw the reasonableness of the request especially as she had particular hours when she could make as much noise as she wished to do. At such times she often goes into a closet, and shutting the door indulges herself in a surfeit of sounds.

Great interest has been manifested on all sides to know the effect of religious instruction upon her mind and not without good cause.—Dr. Howe has always thought it desirable to be exceedingly cautious on this point and to give her only such ideas on this important subject as she might always be able to retain. He felt that she would never be obliged to remodel her faith, and therefore has been anxiously solicitous to give her only such instruction about religion and God, as she was prepared to receive and understand—that her religious and intellectual natures might be developed at an equal pace.—But this, as it seems to us, reasonable and be novolent desire of the Doctor he was not permitted to carry out.

During his absence some persons more zealous than discreet, and more desirous to make a proselyte than to keep conscientiously their implied promise of not touching upon religious topics, some such persons talked to her of the Atonement, of the Redeemer, the Lamb of God, and of some very mystical points of mere speculative doctrine. These things were perhaps not farther beyond her comprehension than they were beyond the comprehension of those persons who assumed to talk to her about them; but they perplexed and troubled her, because, unlike such persons she wished that every word should be a symbol of some clear and definite idea.

She could not understand metaphorical language; hence the Lamb of God was to her a bona fide animal, and she could not conceive why it should continue so long a lamb, and not

of the strict rules of Court for the preservation of decorum.

As soon as silence was partially restored, Mr Fairchild arose, and in a manner quite collected yet full of deep feeling, briefly addressed the Court. He said that when he first learned of an indictment against him, he resolved to place himself within the jurisdiction of the State, and as soon as he could make the proper arrangements, to meet the charges before a tribunal of his countrymen. He has done so, and the result was announced. He forgave his enemies—those who had brought him and his to suffering and to poverty—and he hoped they might be forgiven by the God of mercy, in the great day when all were to be judged.

During the trial his own lips had been sealed; but he now declared, in the presence of the assembly and before his Maker, his most solemn protestation that he was innocent of all the charges brought against him. He thanked the Court for the impartiality with which the trial had been conducted—the County Attorney for his courtesy and liberality—and the jury for their just and righteous verdict.

The Court adjourned at the conclusion of Mr. F.'s remarks; and he was then surrounded by a host of friends, who extended to him and his family their warmest congratulations.

### Trial of 'Millerites' as Vagrants.

There was a great excitement at the Police Court in this city yesterday on the occasion of the trial of several persons complained of as Idlers and Vagrants and disturbers of the public peace. Four men from Orrington were adjudged guilty and sentenced to thirty days each in the House of Correction.

The following persons were tried and sentenced to the House of Correction Samuel Webster Jr. of Exeter thirty days, Daniel Oakes of Bangor fifteen days, Nancy Oakes and Eliza Oakes, daughters of Daniel five days each and Charles E. Bodge of Bangor five days.

We have not space to day for comments upon these trials.

### Fire at Portland.

On Sunday morning a block of two wooden buildings on the corner of Cross and Middle Streets Portland, was consumed by fire. \$1000 insured on the building.

The occupants were Mrs. Daniel Nash, Miller, Mr Hall, shoe store, Mr Boothby, hat and fur store and Mr John Nash, brush Manufacturer. Nothing was saved except the stock of Mr Nash. All insured with the exception of Mrs Nash; and her loss \$500.

The Turpentine Works at Roxbury Point, owned by Thomas Simmons, Esq., were wholly destroyed by fire between four and five o'clock, on Saturday afternoon. One or two wooden dwellings adjoining, occupied by the families of the workmen employed on the premises were also consumed.

Hon. E. H. Foster late Senator in Congress, has been nominated for Governor of Tennessee, by the Whig State Convention which assembled at Nashville on the 20th ult.

Sch Baltimore, of St George, Captain Seavey, in leaving New Bedford for Eastport, on the 26th ult. mis-stayed, and ran upon the rocks near the Light at Clark's Point, at high water. She was expected to be got off if the weather continued good.

Sch Altred, Wood, from Thomaston for Boston, put into Gloucester, 21st ult. having taken fire from her cargo, lime. We have no

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